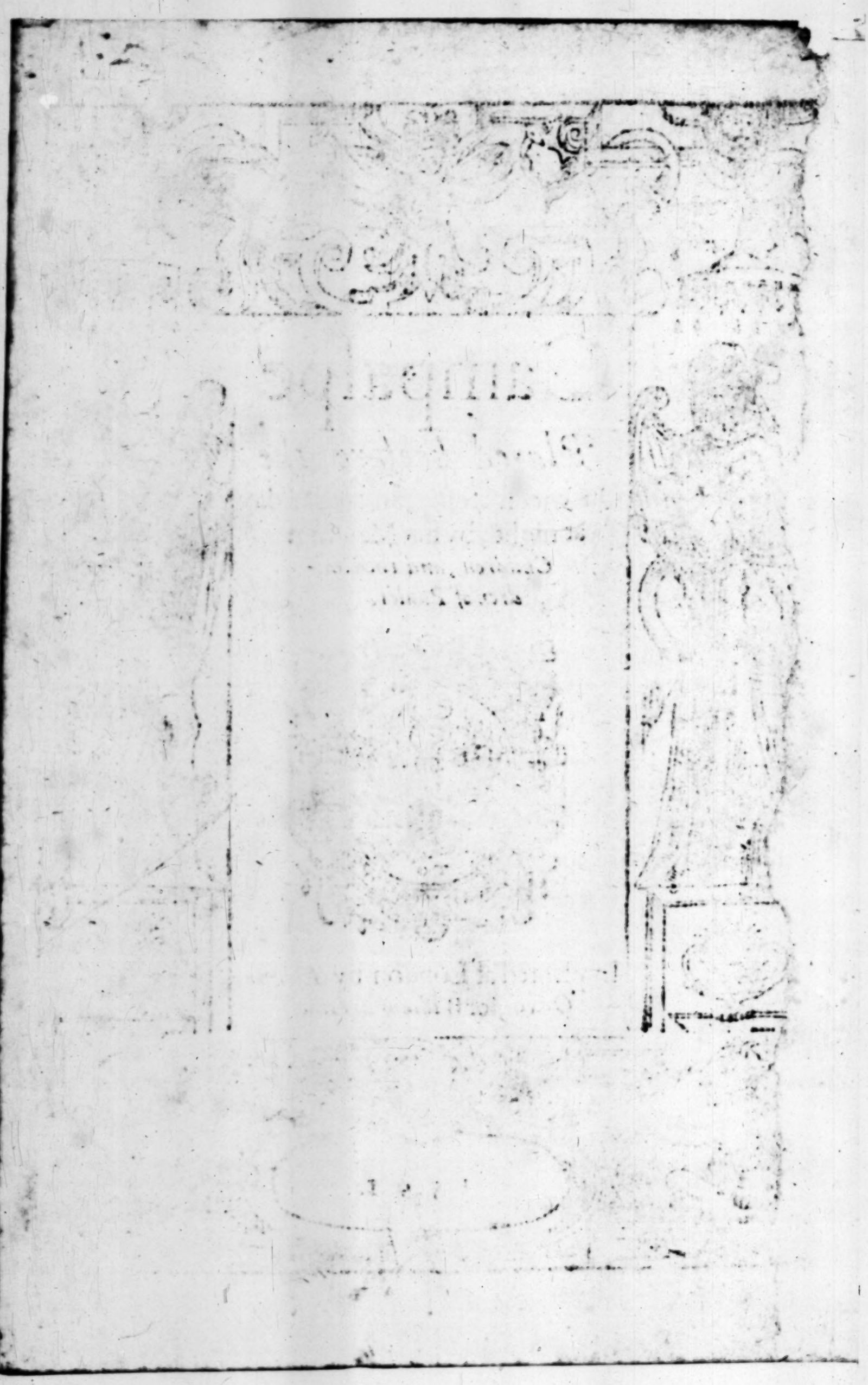
Campaſpe

Played beefore the
Queenes maieſtie on twelfe day
at night, by her Maieſties
Children, and the Chil-
dren of Paules.

Imprinted at London by *Thomas*
Orwin, for *William Broome.*

1581.



The Prologue at the *black Friers.*

THey that feare the ſtinging of Waſpes make fannes of Peacocks tailes, whoſe ſpots are like eyes. And *Lepidus*, which could not ſleep for the chattrig of birds, ſet vp a beaſt, whoſe head was like a Dragon: and we which ſtand in awe of reporte, are compelled to ſet before our owle, *Pallas* ſhield, thinking by her vertue to couer the others deformitie. It was a ſigne of famine to Aegipt, when *Nylus* flowed leſſe than twelue Cubites, or more than eighteene: and it may threaten diſpaire vnto vs, if we be leſſe curteous than you look for, or more cumberſome. But as *Theſeus* being promiſed to bee brought to an Eagles neſt, and trauailing all the day, found but a wrenne in a hedge, yet ſaide this is a birde: ſo wee hope, if the ſhower of our ſwelling mountain ſeeme to bring forth ſome Elephant, performe but a mouſe, you will gently ſay, this is a beaſt? Baſill ſoftly touched, yeeldeth a ſweete ſent, but chafed in the hand, a ranck ſauour. We feare euen ſo that our labours ſlilie glaunced on, will breede ſome content, but examined to the proofe, ſmall commendation. The haſte in perfourming ſhall bee our excuſe. There wente

two nights [illegible]ighting of *Hercules*. Feathers appeare not on the Phenix vnder seaue̅ moneths, & the Mulberie is twelue̅ in budding: but our trauailes are like the Hares, who at one time bringeth forth, nourisheth, and engendreth againe, or like the broode of *Trochilus*, whose egges in the same moment that they are laide, become birds. But howsoeuer we finish our worke, we craue pardon, if we offend in matter, and patience if we transgresse in maners. We haue mixed mirth with councell, and discipline with delight, thinking it not amisse in the same garden to sow pothearbes, that we set flowers. But we hope, as Harts that cast their hornes, Snakes their Skinnes, Eagles their bils, become more fresh for any other labour: so our charge being shaken off, we shall bee fit for greater matters. But least like the *Myndians*, wee make our gates greater than our towne, and that our play runns out at the preface, we here conclude: wishing that although there be in your precise iudgements an vniuersall mislike, yet wee may enioy by your wonted curtesies a generall silence.

Actus primus, Schæna prima.

Clitus, Parmenio, Timoclea, Campaſpe, Alexander, Hepheſtion.

Clyt. *Armenio*, I cannot tel whether I ſhould more commẽd in *Alexãders* victories, courage, or curteſie, in the one being a reſolution without feare, in the other a liberalitie aboue cuſtome: *Thebes* is raſed, the people not racked, towers thrown down, bodies not thruſt a ſide, a conqueſt without conflict, and a cruell warre in a milde peace.

Parme. *Clytus*, it becommeth the ſonne of *Phillip* to be none other than *Alexander* is: therefore ſeeing in the father a full perfection, who could haue doubted in the ſonne an excellencie. For as the moone can borrow nothing els of the ſunne but light, ſo of a ſire, in whome nothing but vertue was, what could the child receiue but ſingular? It is for Turkies to ſtaine each other, not for Diamondes, in the one to be made a difference in goodnes, in the other no compariſon.

Clytus You miſtake me *Parmenio*, if whileſt I commend *Alexander*, you imagine I call *Phillip* into queſtion, vnles happely you coniecture (which none of iudgment will conceiue) that becauſe I like the fruit, therefore I heaue at the tree, or coueting to kiſſe the childe, I therefore goe about to poyſon the teat.

Parme. I but *Clytus* I perceiue you are borne in the Eaſt, and neuer laugh but at the ſunne riſing, which argueth though a duetie where you ought, yet no great deuotion were you might.

Clytus We will make no controuerſie of that which there ought to be no queſtion, onely this ſhall bee the o-

pinion of vs both, that none was worthy to bee the father of *Alexander* but *Phillip*, nor anie meete to be the ſonne of *Phillip* but *Alexander*.

Parme. Soft *Clytus*, behold the ſpoiles and priſoners, a pleaſant ſight to vs, becauſe profit is ioyned with honour, not much painefull to them, becauſe their captiuitie is eaſed by mercie.

Timo. Fortune, thou didſt neuer yet deceiue vertue, becauſe vertue neuer yet did truſt fortune. Sworde and fire wil neuer get ſpoyle, where wiſedome and fortitude beares ſway. O *Thebes*, thy walles were raiſed by the ſweeteneſſe of the harpe, but raſed by the ſhrilnes of the trumpet, *Alexander* had neuer come ſo neere the walls, had *Epaminondas* walkt about the walls: and yet might the *Thebanes* haue beene mery in their ſtreetes, if he had beene to watch their towers. But deſtinie is ſeldome foreſeene, neuer preuented. We are here now captiues, whoſe necks are yoaked by force, but whoſe hearts can not yeeld by death. Come *Campaſpe* and the reſt, let vs not be aſhamed to caſt our eyes on him, on whome wee feared not to caſt our dartes.

Parme. Madame, you neede doubt, it is *Alexander*, that is the conquerour.

Timo. *Alexander* hath ouercome, not conquered.

Parme. To bring al vnder his ſubiection is to cõquer.

Timo. He cannot ſubdue that which is deuine.

Parme, *Thebes* was not.

Timo. Vertue is.

Clytus *Alexander* as he tendreth vertue, ſo hee will you, he drinketh not blood, but thirſteth after honour, he is greedie of victory, but neuer ſatiſfied with mercy. In fight terrible, as becommeth a Captaine, in conqueſt milde, as beſeemeth a king. In all things than which nothing can be greater, he is *Alexander*.

Campaſ. Then if it be ſuch a thing to be *Alexander*, I hope it ſhalbe no miſerable thing to be a virgin. For if

he

he ſaue our honours, it is more than to reſtore our goods. And rather doe I wiſh hee preſerue our fame than our liues, which if he doe, wee will confeſſe there can bee no greater thing than to be *Alexander*.

Alex. Clytus, are theſe priſoners? of whēce theſe ſpoiles?

Clyt. Like your maieſtie they are priſoners, & of *Thebes*

Alex. Of what calling or reputation?

Cly. I know not, but they ſeeme to be Ladies of honor.

Alex. I wil know: Madam, of whence you are I know, but who, I cannot tell.

Timo. Alexander, I am the ſiſter of *Theagines*, who fought a battel with thy father, before the Citie of *Chyeronte*, where he died, I ſay which none can gainſay, valiantly.

Alex. Lady, there ſeeme in your words ſparkes of your brothers deedes, but worſer fortune in your life than his death: but feare not, for you ſhall liue without violence, enemies, or neceſsitie: but what are you fayre Ladie, an other ſiſter to *Theagines*?

Campaſ. No ſiſter to *Theagines*, but an humble hād-maid to *Alexander*, borne of a meane parentage, but to extreame fortune.

Alex. Wel Ladies, for ſo your vertues ſhew you, what-ſoeuer your births be, you ſhall be honourably entreated. *Athens* ſhall be your *Thebes*, and you ſhall not be as abiects of war, but as ſubiects to *Alexander*. *Parmenio*, conduct theſe honourable Ladies into the Citie, charge the ſouldiers not ſo much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants be ſupplied ſo far forth as ſhall be neceſſarie for ſuch perſons and my priſoners.

Exeunt Parme. & captiui.

Hepheſtion, it reſteth now that we haue as great care to gouerne in peace, as conquer in war: that whileſt armes ceaſe, Artes may floriſh, & ioyning letters with lāces we endeuor to be as good Philoſophers as ſouldiers, knowīg it no leſſe praiſe to be wiſe, thā cōmendable to be valiāt.

Hephest. Your Maieſtie therein ſheweth that you haue as great deſire to rule as to ſubdue: & needes muſt that common wealth be fortunate, whoſe Captaine is a Philoſopher, and whoſe Philoſopher is a Captaine.

Exeunt.

Actus primus, Schæna ſecunda.

Manes, Granichus, Pſyllus.

Manes I ſerue in ſtead of a Maiſter, a Mouſe, whoſe houſe is a tub, whoſe dinner is a cruſt, and whoſe bed is a boord.

Pſyllus Then art thou in a ſtate of life, which Philoſophers commend. A crumme for thy ſupper, an hand for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy ſheetes. For *Natura paucis contenta.*

Grani. *Manes,* it is pitie ſo proper a man ſhould be caſt away vppon a Philoſopher. : but that *Diogenes* that dogge ſhould haue *Manes* that dog-bolt, it grieueth nature and ſpiteth Arte: the one hauing found thee ſo diſſolute, abſolute I would ſay, in bodie, the other ſo ſingle ſingular in minde.

Manes Are you mery, it is a ſigne by the trip of your tongue, and the toyes of your head, that you haue done that to day, which I haue not done theſe three dayes.

Pſyllus Whats that?

Manes Dined.

Grani. I thinke *Diogenes* keepes but colde cheare.

Manes I woulde it were ſo, but hee keepeth neither hot nor colde.

Grani. What then, luke warme? That made *Manes* runne from his maiſter the laſt day.

Pſyllus *Manes* had reaſon: for his name fore-tolde as much.

Manes My name! how ſo ſir boy?

Pſyllus

Pſyllus You know that it is called *Mons, à Mouendo*, becauſe it ſtands ſtill.

Manes Good.

Pſyllus And thou art named *Manes, à Manendo*, becauſe thou runſt away.

Manes Paſsing reaſons, I did not runne away, but retire.

Pſyllus To a priſon, becauſe thou wouldſt haue leaſure to contemplate.

Manes I will prooue that my bodie was immortal: becauſe it was in priſon.

Grani. As how?

Manes Did your maiſters neuer teach you that the ſoule is immortall?

Grani. Yes.

Manes And the bodie is the priſon of the ſoule.

Grani. True.

Manes Why then, thus to make my bodie immortall, I put it in priſon.

Grani. Oh bad.

Pſyllus Excellent ill.

Manes You may ſee how dull a faſting wit is: therefore *Pſyllus* let vs goe to ſupper with *Granichus*: *Plato* is the beſt fellowe of all Philoſophers. Giue me him that reades in the morning in the ſchoole, and at noone in the kitchin.

Pſyllus And me.

Grani. Ah ſirs, my maiſter is a king in his parlour for the bodie: and a God in his ſtudie for the ſoule. Among al his men he commendeth one that is an excellēt Muſition, then ſtand I by and clap another on the ſhoulder and ſay, this is a paſsing good Cooke.

Manes It is well doone *Granichus*, for giue me pleaſure that goes in at the mouth, not the eare, I had rather fill my guts, than my braines.

Pſyllus I ſerue *Apelles*, who feedeth mee, as *Diogenes*

nes dooth *Manes*, for at dinner the one preacheth abſtinence, the other commendeth counterfaiting: when I would eat meate, he paints a ſpit, & whē I thirſt, O ſaith he, is not this a faire potte, and pointes to a table, which conteines the banquet of the Gods, where are many diſhes to feede the eye, but not to fill the gut.

Grani. What doeſt thou then?

Pſyllus This doth hee then bring in many examples that ſome haue liued by ſauours, & proueth that much eaſier it is to fatte by colours, and telles of birdes that haue beene fatted by painted grapes in winter: & howe many haue ſo fed their eyes with their miſtreſſe picture, that they neuer deſired to take food, being glutted with the delight in their fauours. Then doth he ſhew me coũterfeites, ſuch as haue ſurfeited with their filthy & lothſome vomites, and with the riotus Bacchanalles of the God *Bacchus*, & his diſorderly crew, which are painted al to the life in his ſhop. To cõclude, I fare hardly, though I goe richly, which maketh me when I ſhould begin to ſhadow a Ladies face, to draw a Lambs head, and ſometime to ſet to the bodie of a maid, a ſhoulder of mutton: for *Semper animus meus eſt in patinis.*

Manes Thou art a God to me: for could I ſee but a Cookes ſhop painted, I would make mine eies fatte as butter. For I haue nought but ſentences to fill my maw, as, *plures occidit crapula quàm gladius: muſa ieiunantibus amica:* repletion killeth delicately: & an old ſaw of abſtinence, *Socrates*: The belly is the heads graue. Thus with ſayings not with meate he maketh a gallimafrey.

Grani. But how doeſt thou then liue?

Manes With fine ieſts, ſweet ayre, & the dogs almes.

Gra. Wel, for this time I wil ſtanch thy gut, & among pots and platters thou ſhalt ſee what it is to ſerue *Plato.*

Pſyllus For ioy of *Granichus* lets ſing.

Manes My voice is as cleare in the euening as in the morning.

Grani.

Gravi. An other commoditie of emptines.

Song.

Actus primus, Scæna tertia.

Melippus, Plato, Ariſtotle, Criſippus, Crates, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus, Alexander, Hepheſtion, Parmenio, Clytus, Diogenes.

Melip. I had neuer ſuch adoe to warne ſchollers to come before a king: Firſt, I came to *Criſippus* a tall leane old mad man, willing him preſently to appeare before *Alexander*, he ſtood ſtaring on my face, neither mouing his eies nor his body, I vrging him to giue ſome anſwer, hee tooke vp a booke, ſate downe and ſaide nothing: *Meliſſa* his maide tolde me it was his manner, & that oftētimes ſhe was fain to thruſt meat into his mouth: for that he wold rather ſterue than ceaſe ſtudie, wel thoght I, ſeeing bookiſh men are ſo blockiſh, & ſo great clearkes ſuch ſimple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their comons, nor their cōmendations. Frō thence I came to *Plato* and to *Ariſtotle*, and to diuers other none refuſing to come, ſauing an olde obſcure fellow, who ſitting in a tub turned towardes the ſunne, read Greeke to a young boy, him when I willed to appeare before *Alexāder*, he anſwered, if *Alexander* would fain ſee me, let him cōme to mee, if learne of me let him come to mee, whatſoeuer it be, let him come to me: why, ſaid I, he is a king, he anſwered, why I am a Philoſopher, why, but he is *Alexāder*, I but I am *Diogenes*. I was halfe angrie to ſee one ſo crooked in his ſhape, to be ſo crabbed in his ſayings. So going my way, I ſaid, thou ſhalt repēt it, if thou cōmeſt not to *Alexander*: nay, ſmiling anſwered hee, *Alexāder* may repent it if he come not to *Diogenes*: vertue muſt be ſought, not offered: and ſo turning himſelf to his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig vnder a tub. But I muſt be gone, the Philoſophers are comming. *Exit.*

Plato

Plato That which man hitherto neuer knew.

Alex. Ariſtotle, how ſhould a man be thought a God?

Ariſt. In doing a thing vnpoſsible for a man.

Alex. Criſippus, which was firſt, the day or the night?

Criſip. The day by a day.

Alex. Indeede ſtrange queſtions muſt haue ſtraunge anſwers. *Cleanthes*, what ſay you, is life or death the ſtronger?

Clean. Life, that ſuffereth ſo many troubles.

Alex. Crates, how long ſhould a man liue?

Crates Till he think it better to die than to liue.

Alex. Anaxarchus, whether doth the ſea or the earth bring foorth moſt creatures?

Anax. The earth, for the ſea is but a parte of the earth

Alex. Hepheſtion, me thinkes they haue anſwered all well, and in ſuch queſtions I meane often to trie them.

Hepheſt. It is better to haue in your court a wiſe man, than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leaue warre, to ſtudie wiſdome, were I *Alexander*.

Alex. So would I, were I *Hepheſtion*. But come let vs goe and giue releaſe, as I promiſed to our *Theban* thralls.

Exeunt.

Plato Thou art fortunate *Ariſtotle*, that *Alexander* is thy ſcholler.

Ariſt. And all you happy that he is your ſoueraigne.

Criſip. I could like the man well, if he could be contented to bee but a man.

Ariſt. He ſeeketh to draw neere to the Gods in knowledge, not to be a God.

Plato Let vs queſtion a little with *Diogenes*, why he went not with vs to *Alexander*. *Diogenes*, thou didſt forget thy duety, that thou wentſt not with vs to the king.

Dioge. And you your profeſsion that you went

to

to the king.

Plato Thou takeſt as great pride to be peeuiſh, as others doe glory to be vertuous.

Diog. And thou as great honour being a Philoſopher to bee thought courtlike, as others ſhame that bee courtiers, to be accounted Philoſophers.

Ariſt. Theſe auſter maners ſet aſide, it is wel known that thou didſt counterfeite money.

Diog. And thou thy manners, in that thou didſt not counterfeite money.

Ariſtot. Thou haſt reaſon to contemne the court, being both in bodie and minde too crooked for a courtier.

Diogenes As good be crooked and indeuour to make my ſelfe ſtraight from the court, as to bee ſtraight, and learne to be crooked at the court.

Cra. Thou thinkeſt it a grace to bee oppoſite againſt *Alexander.*

Diog. And thou to be iump with *Alexander.*

Anaxar. Let vs goe: for in contemning him, we ſhal better pleaſe him, than in wondering at him.

Ariſt. Plato, what doeſt thou think of *Diogenes?*

Plato To be *Socrates* furious, let vs goe.

Exeunt Philoſophi.

Actus ſecundus. Schæna prima.

Diogenes, Pſyllus, Manes, Granichus.

Pſyllus Behold *Manes* where thy maiſter is, ſeeking either for bones for his dinner, or pinnes for his ſleeues. I will goe ſalute him.

Manes Doe ſo, but mum not a word that you ſawe *Manes.*

Grani. Then ſtay thou behinde, and I will goe with *Pſyllus.*

Pſyllus All hayle *Diogenes* to you proper perſon.

Diog. All hate to thy peeuiſh conditions.

Grani. O dogge.

Pſyllus What doeſt thou ſeeke for here?

Dioge. For a man and a beaſt.

Grani. That is eaſie without thy light to bee found, be not all theſe men?

Diog. Called men.

Grani. What beaſt is it thou lookeſt for?

Diog. The beaſt my man *Manes*.

Pſyllus He is a beaſt indeede that will ſerue thee.

Diog. So is he that begat thee.

Grani. What wouldſt thou do, if thou ſhouldſt find *Manes*?

Diog. Giue him leaue to doe as he hath done beefore.

Grani. Whats that?

Diog. To runne away.

Pſyllus Why, haſt thou no neede of *Manes*?

Dio. It were a ſhame for *Diogenes* to haue neede of *Manes*, and for *Manes* to haue no neede of *Diogenes*.

Grani. But put the caſe he were gone, wouldſt thou entertaine any of vs two?

Diog. Vpon condition.

Pſyllus What?

Diog. That you ſhould tell mee wherefore any of you both were good.

Grani. Why, I am a ſcholler, and well ſeene in Philoſophy.

Pſyllus And I a prentice, and well ſeene in painting.

Diog. Well then *Granichus*, bee thou a painter to amend thine ill face, and thou *Pſyllus* a Philoſopher to correct thine euill maners. But who is that *Manes*?

Manes I care not who I were ſo I were not *Manes*.

Grani. You are taken tardie.

Pſyllus

Pſyllus Let vs ſlip aſide *Granichus*, to ſee the ſalutation betweene *Manes* and his maiſter.

Diog. *Manes*, thou knoweſt the laſt day I threw away my diſh, to drink in my hand, becauſe it was ſuperfluous, now I am determined to put away my man, and ſerue my ſelfe: *Quia non egeo tui vel te.*

Manes Maiſter, you know a while a goe I ran away, ſo doe I meane to doe againe, *quia ſcio tibi non eſſe argentum.*

Diog. I know I haue no money, neither will I haue euer a man: for I was reſolued long ſithence to put away both my ſlaues: money and *Manes.*

Manes So was I determined to ſhake of both my dogges, hunger and *Diogenes*.

Pſyllus O ſweete conſent betweene a crowde and a Iewes harpe.

Grani. Come let vs reconcile them.

Pſyllus It ſhall not neede: for this is their vſe, now do they dine one vpon another.

Exit Diogenes.

Grani. Howe nowe *Manes*, art thou gone from thy maiſter.

Manes No, I did but nowe binde my ſelfe to him.

Pſyllus Why you were at mortall iarres.

Manes In faith no, we brake a bitter ieſt one vpon another.

Grani. Why, thou art as dogged as he.

Pſyllus My father knew them both little whelps.

Manes Well, I will hie me after my maiſter.

Grani. Why, is it ſupper time with *Diogenes?*

Manes I, with him at all times when he hath meate.

Pſyllus Why then euery man to his home, and let vs ſteale out againe anon.

Grani. Where ſhall we meete.

Pſy. Why at *Ala vendibili ſuſpenſa hadera non eſt opus.*

Manes OPſyllus, habeo te loco parentis, thou bleſſeſt me.

Exeunt.

Actus ſecundus, Schæna ſecunda.

Alexander, Hepheſtion, Page, Diogenes, Apelles.

Alex. Stand aſide ſir boy, till you be called. *Hepheſtion*, how doe you like the ſweete face of *Campaſpe*?

Hepheſt. I cannot but commende the ſtout courage of *Timoclea*.

Alex. Without doubt *Campaſpe* had ſome great man to her father.

Hepheſt. You know *Timoclea* had *Theagines* to her brother.

Alex. *Timoclea* ſtill in thy mouth, art thou not in loue?

Hepheſt. Not I.

Alex. Not with *Timoclea* you meane, wherein you reſemble the Lapwing, who crieth moſt where hir neaſt is not. And ſo you lead me from eſpying your loue with *Campaſpe*, you crie *Timoclea*.

Hepheſt. Could I aſwell ſubdue kingdomes, as I can my thoughts, or were I as farre from ambition, as I am from loue, all the worlde would account mee as Valiaunt in armes, as I know my ſelfe moderate in affection.

Alex. Is loue a vice?

Hepheſt. It is no vertue.

Alex. Well, now ſhalt thou ſee what ſmall difference I make betweene *Alexander* and *Hepheſtion*. And ſith thou haſt beene alwaies partaker of my triumphes, thou ſhalt be partaker of my torments. I loue *Hepheſtion*, I loue, I loue *Campaſpe*, a thing farre vnfit for a Macedonian, for a King, for *Alexander*. Why hangeſt thou downe thy head *Hepheſtion*? Bluſhing to heare that which I am not aſhamed to tell.

Hepheſt.

Hepheſt. Might my wordes craue pardon and my counſell credit, I would both diſcharge the duetie of a ſubiect, for ſo I am, and the office of a friende, for ſo I will.

Alex. Speake *Hepheſtion*, for whatſoeuer is ſpoken, *Hepheſtion* ſpeaketh to *Alexander*.

Hepheſt. I cannot tell *Alexander*, whether the reporte be more ſhamefull to heard, or the cauſe ſorrowfull to be beleeued? What, is the ſonne of *Phillip*, king of Macedon become the ſubiect of *Campaſpe*, the captiue of *Thebes*? Is that minde, whoſe greatnes the world could not containe, drawen within the compaſſe of an idle alluring eie? Wil you handle the ſpindle with *Hercules*, when you ſhuld ſhake the ſpeare with *Achilles*? Is the warlike ſoũd of drumme and trumpe turned to the ſoft noiſe of lyre and lute, the neighing of barbed ſteedes, whole lowdnes filled the aire with terrour, and whoſe breathes dimmed the ſunne with ſmoake, conuerted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? O *Alexander*, that ſoft and yeelding minde ſhould not bee in him, whoſe hard and vnconquered heart hath made ſo many yeelde. But you loue, ah griefe, but whom? *Campaſpe*, ah ſhame, a maide forſooth vnknowne, vnnoble, and who can tell whether immodeſt? whoſe eies are framed by arte to enamour, and whoſe heart was made by nature to enchaunt. I, but ſhe is beautifull, yea, but not therfore chaſte: I, but ſhe is comly in all parts of the bodie: yea, but ſhe may be crooked in ſome part of the minde: I, but ſhe is wiſe, yea, but ſhe is a woman: Beauty is like the blackbery, which ſeemeth red, when it is not ripe, reſembling precious ſtones that are poliſhed with horne, which the ſinoother they look, the ſooner they break. It is thought wonderfull among the ſea-men, that *Mugil* of all fiſhes the ſwifteſt is found in the belly of the *Bret* of all the ſloweſt: And ſhal it not ſeeme monſtrous to wiſe men, that the heart of the greateſt conquerour of the world, ſhould be founde

in the handes of the weakeſt creature of nature? of a woman? of a captiue? *Hermyns* haue faire ſkinnes, but fowle liuers, ſepulchers freſh colours, but rotten bones, women faire faces, but falſe hearts. Remember *Alexander* thou haſt a camp to gouerne, not a chamber, fall not from the armour of *Mars* to the armes of *Venus*, frō the fiery aſſaults of warre, to the maidēly skirmiſhes of loue, from diſplaying the Eagle in thine enſigne, to ſet downe the ſparrow. I ſigh *Alexander* that where fortune could not conquer, folly ſhould ouercome. But beholde al the perfection that may be in *Campaſpe*, a haire curling by nature, not arte: ſweete alluring eies, a faire face made in deſpite of *Venus*, & a ſtately porte in in diſdain of *Iuno*, a wit apt to conceiue, and quick to anſwere, a skinne as ſoft as ſilke, and as ſmooth as iet, a long white hand, a fine little foote, to conclude, all parts anſwerable to the beſt part, what of this? Though ſhe haue heauenly gifts, vertue and beauty, is ſhe not of earthly mettal fleſh and blood? You *Alexander* that would be a God, ſhewe your ſelfe in this worſe than a man, ſo ſoone to bee both ouerſeene and ouertaken in a woman, whoſe falſe teares know their true times, whoſe ſmooth words wounde deeper than ſharpe ſwordes. There is no ſurfeit ſo dangerous, as that of honie, nor any poyſon ſo deadly, as that of loue, in the one phiſick cannot preuaile, nor in the other counſell.

Alex. My caſe were light *Hepheſtion*, and not worthie to be called loue, if reaſon were a remedie, or ſentēces could ſalue, that ſenſe cannot conceiue. Litle do you know, and therefore ſleightly do you regarde the dead embers in a priuate perſō, or liue coles in a great prince, whoſe paſsions and thoughts do as farre exceede others in extremitie, as their callings doe in Maieſtie. An Eclipſe in the Sunne is more than the falling of a ſtarre, none can conceiue the tormentes of a king, vnleſſe hee be a king, whoſe deſires are not inferiour to their dignities.

ties. And then iudge *Hepheſtiõ* if the agonies of loue be dangerous in a ſubiect, whether they be not more than deadly vnto *Alexander*, whoſe deepe and not to be conceiued ſighes, cleaue the heart in ſhiuers, whoſe wounded thoughts can neither bee expreſſed nor endured. Ceaſe then *Hepheſtion* with arguments to ſeeke to refell that, which with their deitie the Gods cannot reſiſt, and let this ſuffice to anſwer thee, that it is a king that loueth, and *Alexander*, whoſe affections are not to bee meaſured by reaſon, being immortal, nor I feare me to be borne, being intollerable.

Hepheſt. I muſt needes yeeld, when neither reaſon nor counſell can be heard.

Alex. Yeeld *Hepheſtion*, for *Alexander* dooth loue and therefore muſt obtaine.

Hepheſt. Suppoſe ſhee loues not you, affection commeth not by appointment or birth, and then as good hated as enforced.

Alex. I am a king, and will command.

Hepheſt. You may, to yeeld to luſt by force, but to conſent to loue by feare you cannot.

Alex. Why, what is that, which *Alexander* may not conquer as he liſt?

Hepheſt. Why, that which you ſay the Gods cannot reſiſt, Loue.

Alex. I am a conquerour, ſhe a captiue, I as fortunate, as ſhe faire: my greatnes may anſwer her wants, and the giftes of my minde, the modeſtie of hers: Is it not likely then that ſhee ſhould loue? Is it not reaſonable?

Hepheſt. You ſay that in loue there is no reaſon, and therefore there can be no likelyhood.

Alex. No more *Hepheſtion*: in this caſe I wil vſe mine owne counſell, and in all other thine aduice, thou maiſt be a good ſoldier, but neuer good louer. Call my page. Sirha, goe preſently to *Apelles*, and will him to come to

me without either delay or excuſe.

Page I goe.

Alex. In the meane ſeaſon to recreate my ſpirits, being ſo nere, we will goe ſee *Diogenes*. And ſee where his tub is. *Diogenes*.

Diog. Who calleth?

Alex. *Alexander*: how happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my pallace.

Diog. Becauſe it was as far from my tub to your pallace, as from your pallace to my tub.

Alex. Why then doſt thou ow no reuerẽce to kings?

Diog. No.

Alex. Why ſo?

Diog. Becauſe they be no Gods.

Alex. They be Gods of the earth.

Diog. Yea, Gods of earth.

Alex. *Plato* is not of thy minde.

Diog. I am glad of it.

Alex. Why?

Diog. Becauſe I would haue none of *Diogenes* minde, but *Diogenes*.

Alex. If *Alexander* haue any thing that may pleaſure *Diogenes*, let me know, and take it.

Diog. Then take not from me, that you cannot giue me, the light of the world.

Alex. What dooſt thou want?

Diog. Nothing that you haue.

Alex. I haue the world at command.

Diog. And I in contempt.

Alex. Thou ſhalt liue no longer than I will.

Diog. But I ſhall dye whether you will or no.

Alex. How ſhould one learne to be content?

Diog. Vnlearne to couet.

Alex. *Hepheſtion*, were I not *Alexander*, I would wiſh to be *Diogenes*.

Hepheſt. He is dogged, but diſcreete, I cannot tel how

ſharpe with a kinde of ſweetenes, full of wit, yet too too wayward.

Alex. Diogenes, when I come this way againe, I will both ſee thee, and confer with thee.

Diog. Doo.

Alex. But here commeth *Apelles*, how now *Apelles*, is *Venus* face yet finiſhed?

Apel. Not yet: Beautie is not ſo ſoone ſhadowed, whoſe perfection commeth not within the compaſſe either of cunning or of colour.

Alex. Well, let it reſt vnperfect, and come you with me, where I will ſhew you that finiſhed by nature, that you haue been trifling about by art.

Actus tertius, Schæna prima.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apel. Lady, I doubt whether there be any colour ſo freſh, that may ſhadow a countenance ſo faire.

Camp. Sir, I had thought you had been commanded to paint with your hand, not to gloſe with your tongue, but as I haue heard, it is the hardeſt thing in painting to ſet downe a hard fauour, which maketh you to diſpaire of my face, and then ſhall you haue as great thankes to ſpare your labour, as to diſcredit your art.

Apel. Miſtreſſe, you neither differ from your ſelf nor your ſex: for knowing your own perfection, you ſeem to diſpraiſe that which men moſt commend, drawing them by that meane into an admiration, where feeding themſelues they fall into an extaſie, your modeſtie being the cauſe of the one, and of the other, your affections.

Ca. I am too yong to vnderſtād your ſpeech, though old enough to withſtand your deuiſe: you haue been ſo long vſed to colours, you can doo nothing but colour.

Apel. Indeed the colours I ſee, I feare, wil alter the colour I haue: but come Madam, will you draw neere: for

Alexander wil be here anon. *Pſyllus*, ſtay you here at the window, if any enquire for mee, anſwer, *Non lubet eſſe domi.*

Exeunt.

Actus tertius, Schæna ſecunda.

Pſyllus, Manes.

Pſyllus It is alwaies my maſters faſhion, when any faire gentlewoman is to be drawne within, to make mee to ſtay without. But if he ſhould paint *Iupiter* like a bul, like a Swan, like an Eagle, then muſt *Pſyllus* with one hand grinde colours, and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone, the better he ſhadowes her face, the more will he burne his own heart. And now if any man could meete with *Manes*, who I dare ſay, lookes as leane, as if *Diogenes* dropped out of his noſe.

Manes And here comes *Manes*, who hath as much meate in his maw, as thou haſt honeſty in thy head.

Pſyllus Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes They that know thee, know that.

Pſyllus But dooſt thou not remember that wee haue certaine licour to conferre withall.

Manes I, but I haue buſines, I muſt goe crie a thing.

Pſyllus Why, what haſt thou loſt?

Manes That which I neuer had, my dinner?

Pſyllus Foule lubber wilt thou crie for thy dinner?

Manes I meane, I muſt crie, not as one would ſay cry, but crie, that is make a noyſe.

Pſyllus Why foole, that is al one, for if thou crie, thou muſt needes make a noyſe.

Manes Boy, thou art deceiued Crie hath diuerſe ſignifications, and may bee alluded to many things, knaue but one, and can be applyed but to thee.

Pſyllus Profound *Manes*.

Manes We *Cynickes* are madde fellowes, didſt thou

not

not finde I did quip thee?

Pſyllus No verely,why,whats a quip?

Manes We great girders call it a ſhort ſaying of a ſharp wit,with a bitter ſenſe in a ſweete word.

Pſyllus How canſt thou thus diuine,diuide,define,diſpute,and all on the ſodaine?

Mane. Wit wil haue his ſwing,I am bewitcht,inſpirde, inflamed,infected.

Pſyllus Well, then will not I tempt thy gybing ſpirite.

Manes Doo not *Pſyllus*,for thy dull head will bee but a grindſtone for my quicke wit,which if thou whet with ouerthwarts,*periſti,actum eſt de te.* I haue drawn blood at ones braines with a bitter bob.

Pſyllus Let me croſſe my ſelfe: for I die, if I croſſe thee.

Manes Let me doo my buſines,I my ſelfe am afraid,leſt my wit ſhould wex warme,& then muſt it needes conſume ſome hard head with fine & pretie ieſts.I am ſomtimes in ſuch a vaine,that for want of ſome dull pate to worke on,I begin to gird my ſelfe.

Pſyllus The Gods ſhield mee from ſuch a fine fellowe, whoſe words melt wits like waxe.

Manes Well then,let vs to the matter. In faith my maſter meaneth to morrow to flie.

Pſyllus It is a ieſt.

Manes Is it a ieſt to flie? ſhouldeſt thou flie ſo ſoone, thou ſhouldeſt repent it in earneſt.

Pſyllus Well,I will be the crier.

Man.and Pſyl.one after another. Oys,oys,oys,All manner of men,women,or children,that will come to morrow into the market place,betweene the houres of nine and ten,ſhall ſee *Diogenes* the Cynick flie.

Pſyllus I doo not thinke he will flie.

Manes Tuſh,ſay flie.

Pſyllus Flie.

Manes Now let vs goe:for I will not ſee himagaine till midnight,I haue a back way into his tub.

Pſyllus Which way calleſt thou the backe way, when euerie way is open.

Manes I meane to come in at his backe.

Pſyllus Well, let vs goe away, that we may returne ſpeedely.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius, Schæna tertia.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apell. I ſhall neuer draw your eyes well, becauſe they blinde mine.

Camp. Why then paint me without eies, for I am blind?

Apel. Were you euer ſhadowed before of anie?

Camp. No. And would you could ſo now ſhadowe me, that I might not be perceiued of anie.

Apel. It were pitie, but that ſo abſolute a face ſhould furniſh *Venus* temple amongſt theſe pictures.

Camp. What are theſe pictures?

Apel. This is *Lada*, whom *Ioue* deceiued in likenes of a ſwanne.

Camp. A faire woman, but a foule deceit.

Apel. This is *Alcmena*, vnto whō *Iupiter* came in ſhape of *Amphitrion* her husband, and begate *Hercules.*

Camp. A famous ſonne, but an infamous fact.

Apel. He might doo it, becauſe he was a God.

Camp. Nay, therefore it was euill done, becauſe he was a God.

Apel. This is *Danae*, into whoſe priſon *Iupiter* drizled a golden ſhowre, and obtained his deſire.

Camp. What golde can make one yeeld to deſire?

Apel. This is *Europa*, whom *Iupiter* rauiſhed, this *Antiopa.*

Camp. Were all the Gods like this *Iupiter?*

Apel. There were manie Gods in this like *Iupiter.*

Camp. I thinke in thoſe dayes loue was well ratified among

mong men on earth, when luſt was ſo full authoriſed by the Gods in heauen.

Apel. Nay, you may imagin there were women paſſing amiable, when there were gods exceeding amorous.

Camp. Were women neuer ſo fair, men would be falſe.

Apel. Were women neuer ſo falſe, men would be fond.

Camp. What counterfeit is this *Apelles?*

Apel. This is *Venus*, the Goddeſſe of loue.

Camp. What, be there alſo louing Goddeſſes?

Apel. This is ſhe that hath power to command the verie affections of the heart.

Camp. How is ſhe hired, by praier, by ſacrifice, or bribes?

Apel. By praier, ſacrifice, and bribes.

Camp. What praier?

Apel. Vowes irreuocable.

Camp. What ſacrifice?

Apel. Hearts euer ſighing, neuer diſſembling.

Camp. What bribes?

Apel. Roſes and kiſſes: but were you neuer in loue?

Camp. No, nor loue in me.

Apel. Then haue you iniuried manie.

Camp. How ſo?

Apel. Becauſe you haue been loued of manie.

Camp. Flattered perchaunce of ſome.

Apel. It is not poſſible that a face ſo faire, and a wit ſo ſharp, both without compariſon, ſhould not bee apt to loue.

Camp. If you begin to tip your toong with cunning, I pray dip your penſill in colours, and fall to that you muſt doo, not that you would doo.

Actus tertius, Schæna quarta.

Clytus, Parmenio, Alexander, Hepheſtion, Cryſus, Diogenes, Apelles, Campaſpe.

Clytus Parmenio I cannot tell how it commeth to paſſe, that in *Alexãder* now a daies there groweth an vnpaciẽt kinde of life, in the morning he is melancholie, at noone

ſo-

ſolemne; at all times either more ſower or ſeuere, than he was accuſtomed.

Parme. In Kings cauſes I rather loue to doubt than coniecture, and thinke it better to be ignorant than inquiſitiue: they haue long eares and ſtretched armes, in whoſe heads ſuſpition is a proofe, & to be accuſed is to be condemned.

Clytus Yet betweene vs there can bee no daunger to finde out the cauſe: for that there is no malice to withſtand it. It may be an vnquenchable thirſt of conquering maketh him vnquiet: it is not vnlikely his long eaſe hath altred his humour: that he ſhould bee in loue, it is not impoſſible.

Par. In loue *Clytus*, no, no, it is as farre from his thought, as treaſon in ours: he, whoſe euer-waking eye, whoſe neuer tyred heart, whoſe bodie patient of labour, whoſe minde vnſatiable of victorie hath alwaies bin noted, can not ſo ſoone be melted into the weake conceits of loue: *Ariſtotle* tolde him there were manie worlds, & that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all, galleth *Alexander*. But here he commeth.

Alex. *Parmenio* and *Clytus*, I would haue you both readie to goe into Perſia about an ambaſſage no leſſe profitable to me, than to your ſelues honourable.

Clytus We are readie at al commands, wiſhing nothing els, but continually to be commaunded.

Alex. Well, then withdraw your ſelues, till I haue further conſidered of this matter.

* *Exeunt Clytus & Parmenio.*

Now we will ſee how *Apelles* goeth forward: I doubt me that nature hath ouercome art, & her countenaunce his cunning.

Hepheſt. You loue, and therefore thinke anie thing.

Alex. But not ſo farre in loue with *Campaſpe*, as with *Bucephalus*, if occaſion ſerue either of conflict of conqueſt.

Hepheſt. Occaſion cannot want, if will doo not. Behold all Perſia ſwelling in the pride of their owne power, the Scithians careleſſe what courage or fortune can doo: the Egyptians dreaming in the ſouthſayings of their Augures, & gaping ouer the ſmoake of their beaſts intralls. All theſe *Alexander* are to be ſubdued, if that world bee be not ſlipped out of your head, which you haue ſworne to conquer with that hand.

Alex. I confeſſe the labours fit for *Alexander*, and yet recreation neceſſarie among ſo manie aſſaults, bloudie woundes, intollerable troubles: giue me leaue a little, if not to ſit, yet to breath. And doubt not but *Alexander* can when he will throwe affections as farre from him, as he can cowardiſe. But behold *Diogenes* talking with one at his tub.

Cryſus One pennie *Diogenes*, I am a Cynick.

Dio. Hee made thee a begger, that firſt gaue thee anie thing.

Cryſus Why, if thou wilt giue nothing, no bodie will giue thee.

Dio. I want nothing, till the ſprings drie, and the earth periſh.

Cryſus I gather for the Gods.

Diog. And I care not for thoſe Gods, which want money.

Cryſus Thou art a right Cynicke, that wilt giue nothing.

Dio. Thou art not, that wilt beg anie thing.

Cryſus *Alexander*, King *Alexander*, giue a poore Cynick a groat.

Alex. It is not for a King to giue a groat.

Cryſus Then giue me a talent.

Alex. It is not for a begger to aske a talent. Awaye. *Apelles?*

Apell. Here.

Alexan. Nowe Gentlewoman' doothnot your beautie

put the painter to his trump?

Camp. Yes my Lord, seeing so disordred a countenance, he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeite.

Alex. Would he could colour the life with the feature. And me thinketh *Apelles*, were you as cũning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers aswell with sweete smels, as fresh coulours, obseruing in your mixture such things as should draw neere to their sauours.

Apel. Your Maiestie must know, it is no lesse harde to paint sauours, than vertues, coulours can neither speake, nor thinke.

Alex. Where doo you first begin, when you draw anie picture?

Apell. The proportion of the face in iust compasse, as I can.

Alex. I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the rest.

Apel. If you will paint as you are a King, your Maiesty may begin where you please, but as you would be a Painter, you must begin with the face.

Alex. *Aurelius* would in one houre colour foure faces.

Apel. I meruaile in halfe an houre he did not foure.

Alex. Why, is it so easie?

Apel. No, but he doth it so homely.

Alex. When will you finish *Campaspe*?

Apel. Neuer finish: for alwayes in absolute beutie there is somewhat aboue arte.

Alex. Why should not I by labour be as cunning as *Apelles*?

Apel. God shield you should haue cause to bee so cunning as *Apelles*.

Alex. Me thinketh four coulours are sufficient to shadow anie countenance, & so it was in the time of *Phydias*.

Apel. Then had men fewer fancies, & wome not so manie fauors. For now if the haire of her eyebrowes bee blacke,

blacke, yet muſt the haire of her head be yellow: the attire of her head muſt be different from the habite of her bodie, els would the picture ſeeme like the blazon of ancient Armorie, not like the ſweete delight of new found amiablenes. For as in garden knots diuerſitie of odours make a more ſweete ſauour, or as in muſik diuers ſtrings cauſe a more delicate conſent; ſo in painting, the more colours, the better counterfeit, obſeruing blacke for a ground, and the reſt for grace.

Alex. Lend me thy pencill *Apelles*, I will paint, & thou ſhalt iudge.

Apel. Here.

Alex. The coale breakes.

Apel. You leane too hard.

Alex. Now it blackes not.

Apel. You leane too ſoft.

Alex. This is awrie?

Apel. Your eie goeth not with your hand.

Alex. Now it is worſe.

Apel. Your hand goeth not with your minde.

Alex. Nay, if all be too hard or ſoft, ſo many rules and regardes, that ones hand, ones eye, ones minde muſt all draw together, I had rather be ſetting of a battell, than blotting of a bourd But how haue I done here?

Apel. Like a king

Alex. I think ſo: but nothing more vnlike a Painter. Wel *Apelles*, *Campaſpe* is finiſhed as I wiſh, diſmiſſe her, and bring preſently her counterfeit after me.

Apel. I will.

Alex. Now *Hepheſtion*, doth not this matter cotton as I would, *Campaſpe* looketh pleaſantly, libertie will encreaſe her beautie, and my loue ſhall aduance her honor.

Hepheſt. I will not contrarie your maieſtie, for time muſt weare out that loue hath wrought, and reaſon wean what appetite nurſed.

Alex. How ſtately ſhe paſſeth by, yet how ſoberlie, a

ſweete conſent in her countenance with a chaſt diſdain, deſire mingled with coyneſſe, and I cannot tell howe to tearme it, a curſt yeelding modeſtie.

Hepheſt. Let her paſſe.

Alexan. So ſhe ſhall for the faireſt on the earth.

Exeunt.

Actus tertius, Schæna quinta.

Pſyllus, Manes, Apelles.

Pſyllus I ſhalbe hanged for tarying ſo long.

Manes I pray God my maiſter bee not flowne before I come.

Pſyllus Away *Manes*, my maiſter doth come.

Apell. Where haue you been all this while?

Pſyllus No where but here.

Apel. Who was here ſithens my comming?

Pſyllus No bodie.

Apel. Vngracious wag, I perceiue you haue beene a loytering, was *Alexander* no bodie?

Pſyllus He was a King, I meant no meane bodie.

Apel. I will cogell your bodie for it, and then wil I ſay it was no bodie, becauſe it was no honeſt bodie. Away in.

Exit Pſyll.

Vnfortunate *Apelles*, and therefore vnfortunate, becauſe *Apelles* Haſt thou by drawing her bewtie broght to paſſe, that thou canſt ſcarſe drawe thine owne breath? And by ſo much the more haſt thou increaſed thy care, by how much the more thou haſt ſhewed thy cunning: was it not ſufficiẽt to behold the fire, & warme thee, but with *Satyrus* thou muſt kiſſe the fire and burne thee? *O Campaſpe, Campaſpe*, art muſt yeelde to nature, reaſon to appetite, wiſdom to affection. Could *Pigmalion* entreate

by

by prayer to haue his Iuory turned into fleſh? And cannot *Apelles* obtaine by plaints to haue the picture of his loue changed to life? Is painting ſo farre inferiour to caruing? or dooſt thou *Venus* more delight to be hewed with Chizels, then ſhadowed with colours? what *Pigmalion*, or what *Pyrgoteles*, or what *Lyſippus* is hee, that euer made thy face ſo faire, or ſpread thy fame ſo farre as I? vnleſſe *Venus*, in this thou enuieſt mine art, that in coloring my ſweete *Campaſpe*, I haue left no place by cunning to make thee ſo amiable. But alas, ſhe is the paramour to a prince, *Alexander* the Monarch of the earth hath both her bodie and affection. For what is it that kings cannot obtaine by prayers, threates and promiſes? Will not ſhe thinke it better to ſit vnder a cloth of eſtate like a Queene, than in a poore ſhoppe like a huſwife? and eſteeme it ſweeter to be the concubine of the Lord of the world, than ſpouſe to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes *Apelles*, thou maiſt ſwimme againſt the ſtreame with the Crab, and feede againſt the Winde with the deere, and peck againſt the ſteele with the Cockatrice: Starres are to be looked at, not reached at. Princes to be yeelded vnto, not contended with, *Campaſpe* to bee honoured, not obteined, to be painted, nor poſſeſſed of thee: O fair face, O vnhappy hand, & why didſt thou draw it ſo faire a face? O beautifull countenance, the expreſſe image of *Venus*, but ſõwhat freſher: the only patterne of that eternitie which *Iupiter* dreaming a ſleep, could not conceiue againe waking. Bluſh *Venus*, for I am aſhamed to ende thee. Now muſt I paint things vnpoſſible for mine art, but agreeable with my affections: deepe and hollowe ſighes, ſadde and melancholie thoughtes, woundes and ſlaughters of conceites, a life poſting to death, a death galloping from life, a wauering conſtancie, an vnſetled reſolution, and what not, *Apelles*? And what but *Apelles*? But as they that are ſhaken with a feuer are to bee warmed with cloathes, not groanes, and as he that melteth in

a conſumption is to be recured by Colices,not conceits: ſo the feeding canker of my care,the neuer dying worm of my heart, is to be killed by counſell, not cries, by applying of remedies,not by replying of reaſons. And ſith in caſes deſperat there muſt bee vſed medicines that are extreame,I wil hazard that little life that is left,to reſtore the greater part that is loſt,and this ſhall be my firſt practiſe: for wit muſt worke where authoritie is not. Aſſoone as *Alexander* hath viewed this portraiture, I will by deuiſe giue it a blemiſh, that by that meanes ſhe may come againe to my ſhop, and then as good it were to vtter my loue, and die with denial, as conceale it and liue in diſpaire.

The Song.

Actus quartus, Schæna prima.

Solinus, Pſyllus, Granichus, Manes, Diogenes, Populus.

Soli. This is the place,the day, the time,that *Diogines* hath appoynted to flie.

Pſyllus I will not looſe the flight of ſo faire a foule as *Diogenes* is,though my maſter cogell my no bodie,as hee threatned.

Gran. What *Pſyllus*, will the beaſt wag his wings to day?

Pſyl. We ſhal heare:for here commeth *Manes: Manes* will it be?

Manes Be,he were beſt be as cunning as a Bee, or elſe ſhortly he will not be at all.

Gran. How is he furniſhed to flie,hath he feathers?

Manes Thou art an aſſe, Capons, Geeſe and Owles haue feathers,He hath found *Dedalus* old waxen wings, and hath been peecing them this moneth, he is ſo broad in the ſhoulders. O you ſhall ſee him cut the ayre euen like a Tortoys.

Solinus

Soli. Mee thinkes so wise a man should not bee so fat, his body must needs be too heauie.

Manes Why, he hath eaten nothing this seuen night but corke and feathers.

Pfyllus Touch him *Manes*.

Manes Hee is so light that hee can scarse keepe him from flying at midnight.

Populus intrat.

Manes See they begin to flock, and behold my master bustels himselfe to flie.

Diog. You wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth to groane, and whose breathes infect the ayre with stench. Come ye to see *Diogenes* die? *Diogenes* commeth to see you sinke: yee call me dog, so I am, for I long to gnawe the boanes in your skins. Yee tearme me an hater of men: no, I am a hater of your manners. Your liues dissolute, not fearing death, will proue your deaths desperate, not hoping for life. What do you else in Athens but sleepe in the day, and surfeit in the night: back Gods in the morning with pride, in the euening belly Gods with gluttony. You flatter kings, and call them Gods, speak trueth of your selues, and confesse you are diuels. From the Bee you haue taken not the honey, but the wax to make your religiō, framing it to the time, not to the trueth. Your filthy lust you colour vnder a courtlie colour of loue, iniuries abroad vnder the title of pollicies at home, & secret malice creepeth vnder the name of publique iustice. You haue caused *Alexander* to drie vp springs, and plant vines, to sow rocket and weed endiff, to sheare sheepe, and shrine foxes. All conscience is sealed at Athens. Swearing commeth of a hot mettle: lying of a quick wit: flattery of a flowing tong, vndecent talke of a merry disposition. All things are lawfull at Athēs. Either you think there are no Gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as though you should liue for euer, and surfeit as though you should die to morrowe.

None

None teacheth true Phyloſophie but *Ariſtotle*, becauſe he was the kings ſchoolemaſter. O times, O men, O corruption in manners. Remember that greene graſſe muſt turne to drie hay. When you ſleepe, you are not ſure to wake, and when you riſe not certaine to lye downe. Looke you neuer ſo high, your heads muſt lye leuel with your feet. Thus haue I flown ouer your diſordered liues, and if you will not amend your manners, I will ſtudie to flie further from you, that I may be neerer to honeſtie.

Soli. Thou raueſt *Diogines*, for thy life is different frō thy words. Did not, I ſee thee come out of a brothell houſe? was it not a ſhame?

Diog. It was no ſhame to goe out, but a ſhame to goe in.

Grani. It were a good deede *Manes*, to beate thy maſter.

Manes You were as good eate my maſter.

One of the people. Haſt thou made vs all fooles, and wilt thou not flie?

Diog. I tell thee, vnleſſe thou be honeſt, I will flie.

People Dog, dog, take a boane.

Diog. Thy father neede feare no dogs, but dogs thy father.

People We will tell *Alexander*, that thou reprooueſt him behinde his back.

Diog. And I will tell him, that you flatter him before his face.

People Wee will cauſe all the boyes in the ſtreete to hiſſe at thee.

Diog. In deede I thinke the Athenians haue their children readie for any vice, becauſe they bee Athenians.

Manes Why maſter, meane you not to flie?

Diog. No *Manes*, not without wings.

Manes Euery body will account you a lyar.

Diog.

Diog. No I warrant you: for I will alwaies ſay the Athenians are miſcheuous.

Pſyllus I care not, it was ſporte enough for mee to ſee theſe olde huddles hit home.

Grani. Nor I.

Pſyllus Come, let vs goe, and hereafter when I meane to rayle vppon any bodie openly, it ſhal be giuen out, I will flie. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Schæna ſecunda.

Campaſpe, Apelles.

Campaſpe ſola. *Campaſpe*, it is hard to iudge whether thy choice be more vnwiſe, or thy chaunce vnfortunate. Doeſt thou preferre, but ſtay, vtter not that in wordes, which maketh thine eares to glow with thoughts. Tuſh better thy tongue wagge, than thy heart breake. Hath a painter crept further into thy minde than a prince? *Apelles*, thā *Alexander*? Fond wench, the baſenes of thy mind bewraies the meaneſſe of thy birth. But alas, affection is a fire, which kindleth aſwell in the bramble as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it firſt lighteth, not where it may beſt burne. Larkes that mount aloft in the ayre, build their neaſts below in the earth, and women that caſt their eies vpon kings, may place their hearts vppon vaſſalls. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a diſtaffe is fitter for thy hand than a ſcepter. Antes liue ſafely, till they haue gotten wings, and Iuniper is not blowen vp, till it hath gotten an high top. The meane eſtate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here commeth *Apelles*, in whom I would there were the like affection.

Apell. Gentlewoman, the miſfortune I had with your picture, will put you to ſome paines, to ſit againe to bee painted.

Camp. It is ſmall paines for me to ſit ſtill, but infinite for you to draw ſtill.

Apel. No madame, to painte *Venus* was a pleaſure, but to ſhadowe the ſweete face of *Campaſpe* it is a heauen.

Camp. If your tongue were made of the ſame fleſh that your heart is, your words would be as your thoghts are: but ſuch a common thing it is amongſt you to commend, that oftentimes for faſhion ſake you call them beautifull, whom you know black.

Apel. What might men doe to be beleeued?

Camp. Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Apel. So they doe and ſpeake as they think.

Camp. I would they did.

Apel. I would they did not.

Camp. Why would you haue them diſſemble?

Apel. Not in loue, but their loue. But will you giue me leaue to aske you a queſtion without offence?

Camp. So that you will anſwere me another without excuſe.

Apel. Whom doe you loue beſt in the world?

Camp. He that made me laſt in the world.

Apel. That was a God.

Camp. I had thought it had beene a man: But whom doe you honour moſt *Apelles?*

Apel. The thing that is likeſt you *Campaſpe.*

Camp. My picture?

Apel. I dare not venture vppon your perſon. But come, let vs goe in: for *Alexander* will think it longe till we returne.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Schæna tertia.

Clytus, Parmenio.

Clyt. We heare nothing of our Embaſſage, a colour belike

belike to bleare our eyes, or tickle our eares, or inflame our hearts. But what doth *Alexander* in the meane ſeaſon, but vſe for Tantara, Sol. Fa. La. for his harde couch, downe beddes, for his handfull of water, his ſtanding Cup of wine?

Par. Clytus, I miſlike this new delicacie and pleaſing peace: for what elſe do we ſee now than a kind of ſoftnes in euery mans mind, Bees to make their hiues in ſouldiers helmets, our ſteedes furniſhed with foot-clothes of golde, in ſteede of ſaddles of ſteele: More time to be required to ſcowre the ruſt of our weapons, thā there was wont to be in ſubduing the countries of our enemies. Sithence *Alexander* fell from his hard armour to his ſoft roabes, beholde the face of his court, youthes that were wont to cary deuiſes of victory in their ſhieldes, engraue now poſies of loue in their rings: they that were accuſtomed on trotting horſes to charge the enemie with a launce, now in eaſie coches ride vp & down to court Ladies: in ſtead of ſworde and target to hazard their liues, vſe pen and paper to paint their loues. Yea, ſuch a feare and faintnes is growne in court, that they wiſh rather to heare the blowing of a horne to hunt, than the ſound of a trumpet to fight? O Phillip, wert thou aliue to ſee this alteration, thy men turned to women, thy ſouldiers to louers, gloues worne in veluet caps, in ſtead of plumes in grauen helmets, thou wouldſt either dye among them for ſorow, or confound them for anger.

Clyt. Ceaſe *Parmenio*, leaſt in ſpeaking what becommeth thee not, thou feele what liketh thee not: truth is neuer with out a ſcracht face, whoſe tongue although it cannot be cut out, yet muſt it be tied vp.

Par. It grieueth me not a little for *Hepheſtion*, who thirſteth for honour, not eaſe, but ſuch is his fortune & neereneſſe in friendſhip to *Alexander*, that he muſt lay a pillow vnder his head, when hee would put a target in his hand.

But let vs drawe in, to ſee how well it becomes them to tread the meaſures in a daunce, that were wont to ſet the order for a march.

Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Schæna quarta.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apel. I haue now *Campaſpe* almoſt made an ende.

Camp. You told me *Apelles*, you would neuer end.

Apel. Neuer end my loue: for it ſhalbe eternall.

Camp. That is, neither to haue beginning nor ending.

Apel. You are diſpoſed to miſtake, I hope you do not miſtruſt.

Camp. What will you ſay, if *Alexander* perceiue your loue?

Apel. I will ſay, it is no treaſon to loue.

Camp. But how if he will not ſuffer thee to ſee my perſon?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feede thy heart.

Apel. Yet ſhall it fill mine eye: beſides the ſweete thoughts, the ſure hopes, thy proteſted faith, will cauſe me to embrace thy ſhadow continually in mine armes, of the which by ſtrong imagination I will make a ſubſtance.

Camp. Wel, I muſt be gone: but this aſſure your ſelfe, that I had rather be in thy ſhop grinding colours, than in *Alexanders* court, following higher fortunes.

Campaſpe alone.

Fooliſh wench, what haſt thou done? that alas which cannot be vndone, and therefore I feare me vndone. But content is ſuch a life, I care not for aboundance. O *Apel-*

les,

les, thy loue commeth from the heart, but *Alexanders* from the mouth. The loue of Kinges is like the blowing of windes, which whistle sometimes gently among the leaues, and straight waies turne the trees vp by the rootes; or fire which warmeth a farre off, and burneth neere hand; or the sea, which maketh men hoise their sailes in a flattering calme, and to cut their mastes in a rough storme. They place affection by times, by pollicy, by appoyntment, if they frowne, who dares call them vnconstant, if bewray secrets, who will tearme them vntrue, if fall to other loues, who trembles not, if he call them vnfaithfull. In Kings there can bee no loue, but to Queenes: for as neere must they meete in maiestie, as they doe in affection. It is requisite to stand aloofe from kings loue, *Ioue*, and lightening,

Exit.

Actus quartus, Schæna quinta.

Apelles, Page.

Apel. Now *Apelles* gather thy wittes together: *Campaspe* is no lesse wise than faire, thy selfe must be no lesse cunning than faithfull. It is no small matter to be riuall with *Alexander*.

Page *Apelles*, you must come away quickly with the picture, the king thinketh that nowe you haue painted it, you play with it.

Apel. If I would play with pictures, I haue enough at home.

Page None perhaps you like so well.

Apel. It may be I haue painted none so well.

Page I haue knowen many fairer faces.

Apel. And I many better boyes.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus, Schæna prima.
Diogenes, Syluius, Perim, Milo, Trico, Manes.

Sylui. I haue brought my ſons *Diogenes*, to be taught of thee.

Diog. What can thy ſonnes doe?

Sylui. You ſhall ſee their qualities: Dance ſirha.

Then Perim danceth.

How like you this: doth he well?

Diog. The better, the worſer.

Sylui. The muſick very good.

Diog. The Muſitions very bad, who onely ſtudy to haue their ſtrings in tune, neuer framing their manners to order.

Sylui. Now ſhall you ſee the other: tumble ſirha.

Milo tumbleth.

How like you this? why doe you laugh?

Diog. To ſee a wagge that was borne to break his neck by deſtinie, to practiſe it by arte.

Milo This dogge will bite me, I will not be with him

Diog. Feare not boy, dogges eate no thiſtles.

Perim I maruell what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

Dioge. When I am hungry, a maſtiue, and when my belly is full a ſpaniell.

Sylui. Dooſt thou beleeue that there are any Gods, that thou art ſo dogged.

Diog. I muſt needes beleeue there are Gods: for I think thee an enemie to them.

Sylui. Why ſo?

Diog. Becauſe thou haſt taught one of thy ſonnes to rule his legges, and not to follow learning, the other to bend his bodie euery way, and his minde no way.

Perim Thou doeſt nothing but ſnarle, and barke like a dogge.

Diog.

Diog. It is the next way to driue away a theefe.

Sylus. Now ſhall you heare the third, who ſinges like a Nightingale.

Diog. I care not: for I haue heard a Nightingale ſing her ſelfe,

Syl. Sing ſirha.

Tryco ſingeth.

Syl. Loe *Diogenes*, I am ſure thou canſt not doe ſo much.

Dioge. But there is neuer a Thruſh but can.

Syl. What haſt thou taught *Manes* thy man.

Diog. To be as vnlike as may be thy ſonnes.

Manes He hath taught me to faſt, lye hard, and run away.

Syl. Howe ſayeſt thou *Perim*, wilt thou bee with him?

Perim I, ſo he will teach me firſt to runne away.

Diog. Thou needeſt not be taught thy legges are ſo nimble.

Sylus. How ſayeſt thou *Milo*, wilt thou bee with him?

Diog. Nay holde your peace he ſhall not.

Sylus. Why?

Diog. There is not roome enough for him and me to tumble both in one tub.

Sylus. Wel *Diogenes*, I perceiue my ſonnes brooke not thy manners.

Diog. I thought no leſſe, when they knewe my vertues.

Sylus. Farewell *Diogenes*, thou neededſt not haue ſcraped rootes, if thou wouldſt haue followed *Alexander*.

Diog. Nor thou haue followed *Alexander*, if thou hadſt ſcraped rootes. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus quintus, Schæna secunda

Apelles alone.

I feare me *Apelles*, that thine eies haue blabbed that, which thy tongue durst not. What little regarde hadst thou, whileſt *Alexander* viewed the counterfeit of *Campaſpe*, thou ſtoodeſt gazing on her countenaunce? If he eſpie or but ſuſpect, thou muſt needes twice periſh with his hate, and thine owne loue. Thy pale lookes, when he bluſhed, thy ſad countenance, when hee ſmiled, thy ſighes, when he queſtioned, may breed in him a ieloſie, perchance a frenzie. O loue, I neuer before knewe what thou wert, and now haſt thou made mee that I knowe not what my ſelfe am? Onely this I know, that I muſt endure intollerable paſsions, for vnknowen pleaſures. Diſpute not the cauſe wretch, but yeeld to it: for better it is to melt with deſire, than wraſtle with loue. Caſt thy ſelfe on thy carefull bed, bee content to liue vnknowne, and die vnfound. O *Campaſpe*, I haue painted thee in my heart: painted? nay, contrary to mine arte, imprinted, and that in ſuch deepe Characters, that nothing can raſe it out, vnleſſe it rubbe thy heart out.

Exit.

Actus quintus, Schæna tertia.

Milectus, Phrigius, Layis, Diogenes.

Mil. It ſhall goe hard, but this peace ſhall bring vs ſome pleaſure.

Phri. Downe with armes, and vp with legges, this is a world for the nonce.

Layis

Layis Sweet youths, if you knew what it were to ſaue your ſweete blood, you would not ſo fooliſhly go about to ſpend it. What delight can there be in gaſhing, to make foule ſcarres in faire faces, & crooked maimes in ſtreight legges? as though men being borne goodly by nature, would of purpoſe become deformed by folly, and all forſooth for a new found tearme, called valiaunt, a worde which breedeth more quarrells than the ſenſe can commendation.

Mil. It is true *Layis*, a featherbed hath no fellowe, good drink makes good blood, and ſhal pelting wordes ſpill it?

Phry. I meane to enioy the world, and to draw out my life at the wiredrawers, not to curtall it off at the cutlers.

Layis You may talke of warre, ſpeake bigge, conquer worldes with great wordes: but ſtay at home, where in ſteede of Alarums you ſhall haue daunces, for hot battailes with fierce men, gentle skirmiſhes with fayre women. Theſe pewter coates can neuer ſit ſo well as Satten dublets. Beleeue mee, you cannot conceiue the pleaſure of peace, vnleſſe you deſpiſe the rudenes of warre.

Mil. It is ſo. But ſee *Diogenes* prying ouer his tub: *Diogenes* what ſayeſt thou to ſuch a morſell?

Diog. I ſay, I would ſpit it out of my mouth, becauſe it ſhould not poyſon my ſtomacke.

Phry. Thou ſpeakeſt as thou art, it is no meate for dogges.

Diog. I am a dogge, and Philoſophy rates me from carion.

Layis Vnciuill wretch, whoſe manners are anſwerable to thy calling, the time was thou wouldeſt haue had my company, had it not beene, as thou ſaydſt too deare.

Diog. I remember there was a thing, that I repented

me of,and now thou haſte tolde it: indeede it was too deare of nothing,and thou deare to no bodie.

Lays Downe villaine,or I will haue thy head broken.

Mile. Will you couch?

Phry. Auant curre. Come ſweet *Lays*, let vs goe to ſome place,and poſſeſſe peace. But firſt let vs ſing, there is more pleaſure in tuning of a voyce, than in a volly of ſhotte.

Milet. Now let vs make haſte, leaſt *Alexander* find vs here.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus,Schæna quarta.

Alexander,Hepheſtion,Page, Diogenes, Apelles,Campaſpe.

Alex. Me thinketh *Hepheſtion* you are more melancholy than you were accuſtomed,but I perceiue it is all for *Alexander*. You can neither brooke this peace, nor my pleaſure,be of good cheare, though I winke, I ſleepe not.

Hepheſt. Melancholy I am not,nor well content: for I know not how there is ſuch a ruſt crept into my bones with this long eaſe, that I feare I ſhall not ſcowre it out with infinite labours.

Alex. Yes, yes, if all the trauailes of conquering the world will ſet either thy bodie or mine in tune, we will vndertake them. But what think you of *Apelles*? Did ye euer ſee any ſo perplexed? Hee neither anſwered directly to any queſtion, nor looked ſtedfaſtly vppon any thing. I holde my life the painter is in loue.

Heph. It may be: for commonly we ſee it incident in artificers to be enamoured of their owne works,as *Archidamus* of his wodden doue, *Pygmalion* of his yuorie Image,

Image, *Arachne* of his wodde swan, especially painters, who playing with their owne conceites, now coueting to draw a glauncing eie, then a roling, now a wincking, still mending it, neuer ending it, till they bee caught with it, and then poore soules they kisse the colours with their lippes, with which before they were loth to tainte theyr fingers.

Alex. I will finde it out. Page, go speedely for *Apelles*, wil him to come hither, and when you see vs earnestly in talke, sodainly crie out, *Apelles* shop is on fire.

Page It shall be done.

Alex. Forget not your lesson.

Heph. I maruaile what your deuise shalbe.

Alex. The euent shall prooue.

Heph. I pitie the poore painter, if he be in loue.

Alex. Pitie him not, I pray thee, that seuere grauity set aside, what doe you think of loue?

Heph. As the Macedonians doe of their hearb Beet, which looking yellow in the ground, and black in the hand, think it better seene than toucht.

Alex. But what doe you imagine it to be?

Heph. A word by superstitio thought a God, by vse turned to an humor, by telf-will made a flattering madnesse.

Alex. You are too hard harted to think so of loue. Let vs go to *Didgenes*. *Diogenes*, thou maist think it somwhat, that *Alexander* commeth to thee againe so soone.

Diog. If you come to learne, you could not come soone enough, if to laugh, you be come too soone.

Heph. It would better become thee to bee more curteous, and frame thy selfe to please

Dio. And you better to be lesse, if you durst displease.

Ale. What dost thou think of the time we haue here?

Diog. That we haue little and lose much.

Alex. If one be sick what wouldst thou haue him do?

Dio. Be sure that he make not his phisition his heire.

Alex. If thou mighteſt haue thy will, how much groũd would content thee?

Diog. As much as you in the end muſt bee contented withall.

Alex. What, a world?

Diog. No, the length of my bodie.

Alex. *Hepheſtion*, ſhal I be a little pleſant with him?

He. You may: but he wil be very peruerſe with you.

Alex. It skills not, I cannot be angry with him. *Diogenes*, I pray thee what doeſt thou think of loue?

Diog. A little worſer than I can of hate.

Alex. And why?

Diog. Becauſe it is better to hate the things, which make to loue, than to loue the things, which giue occaſion of hate.

Alex. Why, be not women the beſt creatures in the world?

Diog. Next men and Bees.

Alex. What doeſt thou diſlike chiefly in a woman?

Diog. One thing.

Alex. What?

Diog. That ſhe is a woman.

Alex. In mine opinion thou wert neuer born of a woman, that thou thinkeſt ſo hardly of womẽ. But now cõmeth *Apelles*, who I am ſure is as far frõ thy thoughts, as thou art frõ his cũning. *Diogenes*, I wil haue thy cabin remoued neret to my court, becauſe I wil be a philoſopher.

Diog. And whẽ you haue done ſo, I pray you remoue your court further from my cabin, becauſe I wil not be a courtier.

Alex. But here commeth *Apelles*. *Apelles*, what peece of worke haue you now in hand?

Apel. None in hand if it like your maieſtie: but I am deuiſing a platforme in my head.

Alex. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about *Venus*?

Apel. No, but ſome thing aboue *Venus*.

Page *Apelles, Apelles*, looke about you, your ſhop is on fire.

Apel. Ay me, if the picture of *Campaſpe* be burnt, I am vndone.

Ale. Stay *Apelles*, no haſte, it is your hart is on fire, not your ſhop, & if *Cam.* hang there, I would ſhe were burnt. But haue you the picture of *Campaſpe?* Belike you loue her wel, that you care not thogh al be loſt, ſo ſhe be ſafe.

Apel. Not loue her: but your maieſtie knowes that painters in their laſt works are ſaid to excell themſelues, and in this I haue ſo much pleaſed my ſelfe, that the ſhadow as much delighteth mee being an artificer, as the ſubſtance doth others that are amorous.

Alex. You lay your colours groſly, though I could not paint in your ſhop, I cā ſpy into your excuſe. Be not aſhamed *Apelles*, it is a gentlemans ſporte to be in loue. Call hither *Campaſpe*. Me thinks I might haue bin made priuie to your affection, though my counſell had not beene neceſſary, yet my countenance might haue bin thought requiſite. But *Apelles* forſooth loueth vnder hand, yea & vnder *Alexanders* noſe, and: but I ſay no more.

Apel. *Apelles* loueth not ſo: but he liueth to doe as *Alexander* will.

Alex. *Campaſ.* here is newes. *Apel.* is in loue with you.

Camp. It pleaſeth your Maieſtie to ſay ſo.

Alex. *Hepheſtion*, I will trie her too. *Campaſpe*, for the good qualities I know in *Apelles*, and the vertue I ſee in you, I am determined you ſhal enioy one another. How ſay you *Campaſpe*, would you ſay I?

Cam. Your handmaid muſt obey, if you command.

Alex. Thinke you not *Hepheſtion* that ſhe woulde faine be commanded?

Hep. I am no thought catcher, but I geſſe vnhappily.

Alex. I will not enforce mariage, where I cannot compell loue.

Cam. But your maieſtie may moue a queſtion, where

you be willing to haue a match.

Alex. Beleeue me *Hepheſtion*, theſe parties are agreed, they would haue me both prieſt and witneſſe. *Apelles.* take *Campaſpe*, why moue ye not? *Campaſpe*, take *Apelles* wil it not be? If you be aſhamed one of the other, by my conſent you ſhall neuer come together. But diſſemble not *Campaſpe*, do you loue *Apelles*?

Camp. Pardon my Lord, I loue *Apelles.*

Alex. *Apelles*, it were a ſhame for you, being loued ſo openly of ſo faire a virgin, to ſay the contrary. Doe you loue *Campaſpe*?

Apel. Onely *Campaſpe.*

Alex. Two louing wormes *Hepheſtion*, I perceiue *Alexander* cannot ſubdue the affections of men, though cõquer their coũtries. Loue falleth like a dew aſwel vpõ the low graſſe, as vpon the high Cædar. Sparkes haue their heat, Antes their gall, Flyes their ſplene. Well, enioy one another, I giue her thee frãckly *Apelles.* Thou ſhalt ſee that *Alexander* maketh but a toy of loue, and leadeth affection in fetters, vſing facie as a foole to make him ſport, or a minſtrell to make him merry. It is not the amorous glaunce of an eye can ſettle an idle thought in the heart, no no, it is childrens game, a life for ſcameſters and ſchollers, the one pricking in cloutes haue nothing els to thinke on, the other picking fancies out of bookes, haue little elſe to maruaile at. Go *Apelles*, take with you your *Campaſpe*, *Alexander* is cloyed with looking on that, which thou wondreſt at.

Apel. Thanks to your maieſtie on bended knee, you haue honoured *Apelles.*

Camp. Thanks with bowed heart, you haue bleſſed *Campaſpe.*

Exeunt.

Alex. Page go warne *Clytus* and *Parmenio* and the other Lords to be in a readines, let the trumpet ſounde, ſtrike vp the drumme, and I will preſently into Perſia.

How

How now *Hepheſtion*, is *Alexander* able to reſiſt loue as he liſt?

Heph. The conquering of *Thebes* was not ſo honourable as the ſubduing o. theſe thoughts.

Alex. It were a ſhame *Alexander* ſhould deſire to cõmand the world, if he could not commaund himſelfe. But come let vs goe, I wil trie whether I can better beare my hand with my hart, than I could with mine eie. And good *Hepheſtion*, when al the world is wonne, and euery countrey is thine and mine, either finde me out an other to ſubdue, or of my word I will fall in loue.

Exeunt.

The Epilogue at the Black Friers.

WHere the Rain-bow toucheth the tree, no Caterpillers will hang on the leaues: where the Gloworm creepeth in the night, no Addar wil go in the day. We hope in the eares where our trauailes be lodged, no carping ſhall harbour in thoſe tongues. Our exerciſes muſt be as your iudgemẽt is, reſembling water, which is alwaies of the ſame colour into what it runneth. In the Troyan horſe lay couched ſouldiers with children, and in heapes of many wordes we feare diuers vnfit, among ſome allowable. But as *Demoſthenes* with often breathing vp the hill amend his ſtammering, ſo wee hope with ſundry labours againſt the haire, to correct our ſtudies. If the tree be blaſted that bloſſomes, the fault is in the winde, and not in the roote, and if our paſtimes be miſliked, that haue beene allowed, you muſt impute it to the malice of others, and not our endeuour. And ſo wee reſt in good caſe if you reſt well content.

The

The Epilogue at the Court.

VVE cannot tell whether we are fallen among *Diomedes* birds or his horſes, the one receiued ſome men with ſweet notes, the other bitte al men with ſharp teeth. But as *Homers* Gods conueied them into cloudes, whom they would haue kept from curſes, and as *Venus*, leaſt *Adonis* ſhold be pricked with the ſtings of Adders, couered his face with the wings of Swans: ſo wee hope, being ſhielded with your highnes countenaunce, wee ſhal, though heare the neighing, yet not feele the kicking of thoſe iades, and receiue, though no praiſe (which we cannot deſerue) yet a pardon, which in all humilitie we deſire. As yet we cannot tell what we ſhould tearme our labours, yron or bullyon, only it belongeth to your maieſtie to make thē fit either for the forge or the mynt, currant by the ſtamp, or counterfeit by the anuill. For as nothing is to be called white, vnleſſe it had bin named white by the firſt creature, ſo can there bee nothing thought good in the opinion of others, vnleſſe it bee chriſtened good by the iudgement of your ſelfe. For our ſelues againe, we are like theſe torches waxe, of which being in your highnes hands, you may make Doues or Vultures, Roſes or Nettles, Laurell for a garland, or Elder for a diſgrace.

FINIS.